

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

INNOVATION

3

8 1/2" U.S. 8 1/2" Can.

Not intended for children

Anne Rice's
THE QUEEN
OF THE
DAMNED™



DANIEL AND ARMAND PLUNGED INTO THE VERY MIDST OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY LIFE.

TECHNOLOGICAL INVENTIONS BEGAN TO OBSESS ARMAND, ONE AFTER THE OTHER.

IT BEGAN WITH SIMPLE KITCHEN BLENDERS...



...THEN TELEPHONES, TELEVISION...

...THEN MOVIES STRUCK HIS FANCY.



BLADERUNNER--AND RUTGER HAUSER, IN PARTICULAR--FASCINATED HIM.

AS THE LEADER OF THE REBEL ANDROIDS, HAUSER CONFRONTS HIS HUMAN MÄDER, KISSES HIM, THEN CRUSHES HIS SKULL.

IT WOULD BRING A SLOW AND ALMOST IMPISH LAUGH FROM ARMAND.



THAT'S YOUR FRIEND, LESTAT. THERE, DANIEL. LESTAT WOULD HAVE THE... HOW DO YOU SAY?... *OLTS*... TO DO THAT!

WITHIN SIX MONTHS, ARMAND HAD DROPPED MOVIES FOR VIDEO CAMERAS AND WAS MAKING MOVIES OF HIS OWN.



ALL OVER NEW YORK HE DRAGGED DANIEL, AS HE INTERVIEWED PEOPLE ON THE NIGHTTIME STREETS.

HE EVEN MADE A TAPE OF HIMSELF LYING IN THE COFFIN DURING HIS DEATH-LIKE SLEEP.

DANIEL FOUND THIS IMPOSSIBLE TO LOOK AT.

NEXT, IT WAS COMPUTERS. HE FILLED DISC AFTER DISC WITH HIS SECRET WRITINGS.



HE RENTED ADDITIONAL APARTMENTS IN MANHATTAN TO HOUSE HIS WORD PROCESSORS AND VIDEO GAME MACHINES.



FINALLY, HE TURNED TO PLANE'S.

THEY BECAME CONCENTRATED
EXPLOZERS OF THE MODERN
WORLD. ARMAND OBSERVED
EVERYTHING.

PORT-AU-PRINCE OR SAN
FRANCISCO OR ROME OR
MADRID, IT DIDN'T MATTER--

--AS LONG AS ARMAND WAS
SAFELY LANDED BY DAWN.



BUT THEN, DANIEL WAS
ALWAYS DEAD ON HIS
FEET BY DAYBREAK
ANYWAY. HE DIDN'T
SEE HIGH NOON FOR
FIVE YEARS.



COME, LOVED
THE BALLET TONIGHT,
THEN DOWN TO THE
VILLAGE.

THE JAZZ
BAND I LOVED
LAST SUMMER
IS BACK.

AND IF DANIEL WAS **SLUGGISH**
UPON AWAKENING, ARMAND WOULD
BATHE HIM, SHAVE HIM, DRESS HIM.

DANIEL WAS PAST
ALL DECISION.

the devil's minion

based on the novel by anne rice
adapted by cynthia j. wood
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DANIEL LIVED IN ALTERNATING STATES,
MISERY AND ECSTASY, UNITED BY LOVE.

HE NEVER KNEW IF
THINGS LOOKED
DIFFERENT BECAUSE
OF THE BLOOD--



--OR BECAUSE HE WAS JUST
GOING OUT OF HIS MIND.

THEN CAME THE NIGHT WHEN ARMAND WAS READY TO ENTER THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IN EARNEST.

I UNDERSTAND IT NOW.
I WANT INCALCULABLE WEALTH.
A HUGE ESTATE, YACHTS, PLANES
AND CARS--

--MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.
I WANT TO BUY YOU EVERYTHING
YOU MAY EVER DESIRE!



WHAT DO
YOU MEAN, MILLIONS?
YOU THROW YOUR
CLOTHES AWAY AFTER
ONE WEARING! YOU
RENT APARTMENTS AND
FORGET WHERE THEY
ARE!



MILLIONS. HOW
ARE WE GOING TO GET
MILLIONS? JUST STEAL
ANOTHER MAGGIORATI AND
BE DONE WITH IT, FOR
GOD'S SAKE!



DANIEL, WHAT
WOULD I DO WITHOUT
YOU? YOU MIGHT UNDERSTAND
EVERYTHING.

I WANT TO
BE IN THE VITAL
CENTER OF THINGS, THE
WAY I WAS YEARS AGO
IN PARIS.

SURELY YOU
REMEMBER.



I WANT TO
BE A CAJONER
IN THE VERY
EYE OF THE
WORLD.



DANIEL HAD BEEN DEZZLED BY THE SPEED WITH WHICH THINGS HAPPENED?

IT HAD BEGUN WITH A TREASURE FIND IN THE WATERS OFF JAMAICA. WITHIN DAYS, A SUNKEN SPANISH GALLEON LOADED WITH BULLION AND JEWELS HAD BEEN DISCOVERED.

NEXT IT WAS AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND OF PRICELESS OLMEC FIGURINES.

TWO MORE SUNKEN SHIPS WERE PIN-POINTED IN RAPID SUCCESSION. A CHEAP PIECE OF SOUTH AMERICAN PROPERTY YIELDED A LONG FORGOTTEN EMERALD MINE.

THEY PURCHASED A MANSION IN FLORIDA, YACHTS, SPEEDBOATS, A SMALL BUT EXQUISITELY APPOINTED JET PLANE.

BUT HOW DO YOU DO IT?

IF YOU CAN READ THE MINDS OF MEN YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING THAT YOU WANT.

GIVE ME WHAT I WANT.

I'M GIVING YOU EVERYTHING YOU COULD EVER ASK FOR.

YES, BUT NOT WHAT I HAVE ASKED FOR, NOT WHAT I WANT!

BE ALIVE, DANIEL. LIFE IS BETTER THAN DEATH.

I DON'T WANT TO BE ALIVE, ARMAND. I WANT TO LIVE FOREVER...

-THEN I WILL TELL YOU WHETHER LIFE IS BETTER THAN DEATH.

THE GAME OF ACQUISITION CONTINUED.

PICASSOS, DEGAS, VAN GOGHS--THOSE WERE BUT A FEW OF THE STOLEN PAINTINGS ARMAND RECOVERED WITHOUT EXPLANATION.

THE RICHES WERE MADDENING DANIEL, MAKING HIM FEEL HIS MORTALITY MORE KEENLY THAN EVER BEFORE.

HE WAS DESPERATE TO POSSESS ALL OF THIS FOREVER.

OFTEN DANIEL WATCHED ARMAND GO OUT ALONE TO HUNT THE WARM SOUTHERN WATERS.

SOMEWHERE FAR OUT THERE, BEYOND SIGHT OF LAND, ARMAND WOULD FIND SMUGGLERS AND STRIKE--

--THE LONE PIRATE. DEATH.

AND FROM THE SAIGE NARCOTICS TRADERS OFF THE MIAMI COAST, ARMAND STOLE ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING--

--GUNS, SUITCASES FULL OF MONEY-- EVEN THEIR BOATS.

SUCH A DEADLY FOE.

FINALLY, ENOUGH CAPITAL HAD BEEN AMASSED--AND ARMAND WAS READY FOR REAL ACTION.

DANIEL WAS ORDERED TO PURCHASE A FLEET OF CRUISE SHIPS, AND A CHAIN OF RESTAURANTS AND HOTELS. FOUR PRIVATE PLANES WERE NOW AT THEIR DISPOSAL.

AND THEN CAME THE FINAL DREAM--

BEHOLD--THE
NIGHT ISLAND.

FROM SUNSET TILL DAWN, THE
TOURISTS MOBBED IT, AS BOAT
AFTER BOAT BROUGHT THEM
OUT FROM THE MIAMI DOCKS.

MUSIC PLAYED ETERNALLY IN THE
LOUNGES. PONDS AND WATERFALLS
GLITTERED AMID BANKS OF MOIST,
FRAGILE BLOOMS.

YOU COULD BUY *ANYTHING* ON NIGHT
ISLAND. ALL THE FINE CUISINES OF
THE WORLD AWAITED YOU. FIVE FILMS
PLAYED NIGHTLY IN THE CINEMAS.

THEY LIVED ADJACENT TO IT IN
SECRET LUXURY--SLIPPING IN
AND OUT OF THE WHIRL AT WILL.

ALL THIS IS YOURS,
THIS VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES.
ALL, SAVE THE CELLARS.

THIS IS
YOUR HOME,
DANIEL.

DANIEL HAD LOVED IT,
HE HAD TO ADMIT THAT.

AND WHAT HE HAD LOVED EVEN MORE
WAS THE FREEDOM, THE POWER, THE
LUXURY THAT ATTENDED HIM EVERY
WHERE THAT HE WENT.

DANIEL AND ARMAND TRAVELLED CONSTANTLY THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF TOKYO THEY HAD WANDERED TOGETHER--

--THROUGH BANGKOK AND CAIRO, DAMASCUS AND RIG AND KATHMANDU.

BY DAY, DANIEL WALLOWED IN COMFORT AT THE BEST OF THE LOCAL HOSTELRIES.

BY NIGHT, HE WANDERED FEARLESS WITH ARMAND AT HIS SIDE.

NOW AND THEN, HOWEVER, THE ILLUSION OF CIVILIZED LIFE WOULD BREAK DOWN.

I CAN SENSE OTHER IMMORTALS NEARBY, DANIEL. YOU MUST STAY AT MY SIDE.

MAKE ME WHAT YOU ARE. THEN YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. NOW YOU'RE ONE OF A BILLION FACELESS HUMANS.

IF YOU WERE ONE OF US, YOU'D BE A CANDLE BURNING IN THE DARK.

DON'T YOU KNOW THE OLD ONES DESTROY THE YOUNG ONES OUT OF HAND? DIDN'T YOUR BELOVED LOUIS EXPLAIN THAT TO YOU?

IT'S WHAT I DO EVERYWHERE THAT WE SETTLE--I CLEAN THEM OUT, THE YOUNG ONES. BUT I AM NOT INVINCIBLE.

I HAVE ENEMIES WHO ARE OLDER AND STRONGER, WHO'D TRY TO DESTROY ME IF IT INTERESTED THEM, I'M SURE.

OLDER THAN YOU ARE? BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE OLDEST.

MERELY THE OLDEST YOUR FRIEND, LOUIS, WAS EVER TO FIND. THERE ARE OTHERS. I DON'T KNOW THEIR NAMES, I'VE SELDOM SEEN THEIR FACES, BUT AT TIMES, I FEEL THEM.

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT WE FEEL EACH OTHER. WE SEND OUR SILENT YET POWERFUL SIGNALS--
KEEP AWAY FROM ME.

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, ARMAND HAD GIVEN DANIEL THE AMULET TO WEAR.

HERE SNAP THE CLASP IF THEY COME NEAR YOU. BREAK THE VIAL. IT CONTAINS MY BLOOD.

THEY WILL FEEL THE POWER THAT PROTECTS YOU AND WILL NOT DARE.

AH, YOU'LL LET THEM KILL ME. YOU KNOW YOU WILL!

GIVE ME THE POWER TO FIGHT FOR MYSELF!

A HORRID THING, ACTUALLY, BUT HE'D WORN IT EVER SINCE

YET DANIEL WAS NEVER TO SEE OR SENSE THE PRESENCE OF ANOTHER SUPERNATURAL BEING. HE REMEMBERED LOUIS AS IF HE'D BEEN A HALLUCINATION.

--SOMETHING KNOWN IN A FEVER.

ARMAND WAS DANIEL'S SINGLE ORACLE, HIS MERCILESS AND ALL-LOVING DEMONIC GOD.

MORE AND MORE, DANIEL'S BITTERNESS INCREASED. LIFE WITH ARMAND **INFLAMED** HIM, MADDENED HIM. THERE WERE UGLY FIGHTS, **TERRIBLE** FIGHTS.

YOU'LL NEVER DIE,
AND YET YOU LOOK AT ME
AND YOU WATCH ME DIE.
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, YOU
WATCH IT!

I WILL NOT DO IT.
I CANNOT DO IT. ASK ME
TO KILL YOU, IT WOULD BE
EASIER THAN THAT.

YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU ASK FOR, DON'T
YOU SEE? DON'T YOU REALIZE
THAT ANY ONE OF US WOULD
GIVE IT UP FOR ONE HUMAN
LIFETIME?

GIVE UP IMMORTALITY,
JUST TO LIVE ONE LIFE? I
DON'T BELIEVE YOU. THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME YOU HAVE TOLD ME
AN OUT-END-OUT LIE.

HOW
DARE
YOU?

I'D GIVE IT
UP. IF I WEREN'T
A COWARD...

...IF I WEREN'T
AFTER FIVE HUNDRED GREEDY
YEARS IN TWO WHIRLWIND, STILL
TERRIFIED TO THE MARROW OF
MY BONES OF DEATH.

NO, YOU WOULDN'T.
FEAR WAS NOTHING TO DO WITH
IT. IMAGINE ONE LIFETIME BACK THEN
WHEN YOU WERE BORN. AND ALL OF THIS
LOST? WOULD YOU SETTLE FOR
IGNORANCE OF THE WORLD'S
DESTINY?

AH, DON'T TELL
ME YOU WOULD.

NO RESOLUTION
IN WORDS WAS
EVER REACHED.

THE FIGHTS WOULD END WITH
THE EMBRACE, THE KISS, THE
BLOOD STINGING HIM--

--THE SHROUD OF
DREAMS CLOSING
OVER HIM LIKE A
GREAT NET.

I LOVE YOU!
GIVE ME MORE--
YES, MORE.

BUT NEVER
ENOUGH.

IT WAS USELESS, ARMAND
WAS NOT GOING TO GIVE IT
TO HIM!

THERE WAS NOTHING DANIEL COULD
DO. NOTHING HE COULD GIVE.

AND THE WANDERING STARTED,
THE ESCAPING, AND ARMAND DID
NOT FOLLOW.

HE WOULD WAIT EACH TIME
UNTIL DANIEL **BEGGED**
TO COME BACK.

OR UNTIL DANIEL WAS BEYOND
CALLING, UNTIL HE WAS ON
THE VERGE OF DEATH ITSELF.

AND THEN, AND **ONLY**
THEN, ARMAND WOULD
BRING HIM BACK.

PRESENT DAY,
CHICAGO...

NOWHERE
TO GO.

Dunmoresk
[900] BOOKS

LESTAT WAS IN CALIFORNIA, PERHAPS
STALKING A VICTIM EVEN NOW.

MAYBE DANIEL HAD MADE
A MISCALCULATION...

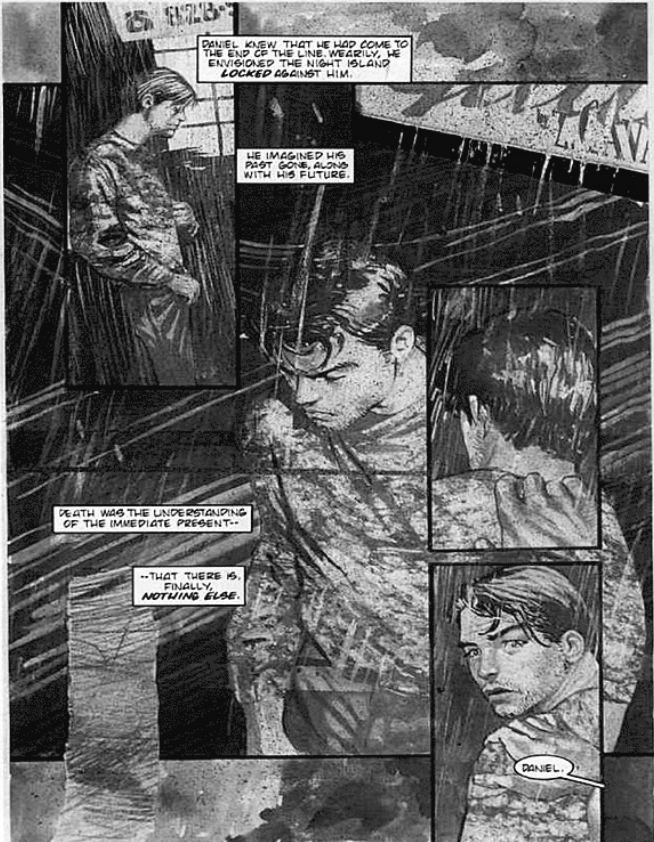
...MAYBE ARMAND
WAS THERE!

WHY HADN'T HE
REALIZED THIS
BEFORE?

ARMAND WOULD GO TO
LESTAT... AND WHAT
WOULD A MORTAL
LOVER MATTER THEN,
A HUMAN WHO'D BEEN
NO MORE THAN A TOY
FOR A DECADE?

NO, ARMAND HAD GONE
ON WITHOUT HIM.

AND THIS TIME,
THERE WOULD BE
NO RESCUE.

A black and white comic book page with a dark, rainy background. A man in a plaid shirt is the central figure, looking down with a somber expression. Rain is falling heavily around him. The page is divided into several panels. In the top left, a smaller panel shows the man from the side, looking down. In the top right, a panel shows a close-up of his face, looking down. In the middle right, a panel shows a close-up of his hand, with fingers slightly curled. In the bottom right, a panel shows a close-up of his face, looking up. The overall mood is one of despair and resignation.

DANIEL KNEW THAT HE HAD COME TO
THE END OF THE LINE. WEARILY, HE
ENVISIONED THE NIGHT ISLAND
LOCKED AGAINST HIM.

HE IMAGINED HIS
PAST GONE, ALONG
WITH HIS FUTURE.

DEATH WAS THE UNDERSTANDING
OF THE IMMEDIATE PRESENT--

--THAT THERE IS,
FINALLY,
NOTHING ELSE.

DANIEL.



RUNNING
FROM ME—FROM
STOCKHOLM AND
EDINBURGH AND
PARIS.



WHAT DO
YOU THINK I AM
THAT I CAN FOLLOW
YOU AT SUCH SPEED
DOWN SO MANY
PATHWAYS?

BRANDY.
IT WILL
RESTORE
YOU.



I'D
RATHER
HAVE YOUR
BLOOD.

NOT YET, MY
BELOVED.



LISTEN TO
WHAT I'M SAYING TO
YOU. ALL OVER THE WORLD,
OUR KIND ARE BEING
DESTROYED.





DESTROYED. DANIEL TRIED TO
FOCUS ON ARMAND, BUT HE SAW
THE TWING AGAIN, THE
SOLDIERS, THE BLACKENED
BODY OF THE MOTHER.

BUT THE
MEANING...



WHY?

I CANNOT
TELL YOU.

AND HE MEANT THE DREAM
WHEN HE SPOKE, BECAUSE
HE'D HAD THE DREAM, TOO.



I'M
WITH YOU,
ARMAND,
SAFE WITH
YOU.

NO, DANIEL,
NOT SAFE. MAYBE
NOT EVEN FOR A NIGHT
OR SO MUCH AS AN
HOUR.



WHAT DO I
DO WITH YOU, MY
BELOVED?

ESPECIALLY
NOW, WHEN I MYSELF
AM SO AFRAID.

DANIEL SLEPT, AND
WE DREAMED...

THE TWINS WERE WALKING IN
THE DESERT. THE SUN BURNED
THEIR ARMS, THEIR FACES.

THEIR LIPS
WERE SWOLLEN
AND CRACKED
FROM THIRST.

MAKE THE
RAIN FALL. YOU CAN
DO IT -- MAKE THE
RAIN FALL.

SOMEWHERE FAR OFF HE HEARD ARMAND'S
VOICE AGAIN. HE TOLD DANIEL THAT
THEY WERE TOO DEEP IN THE DESERT.
NOT EVEN THEIR SPIRITS COULD MAKE RAIN
IN SUCH A PLACE.

BUT WHY?
CAN'T SPIRITS DO
ANYTHING?

CAN'T
SOMEONE HELP
THEM?

OH, IF
ONLY EVENING
WOULD COME,
WITH ITS COLD
WINDS.



SUDDENLY THERE IS
MOVEMENT ON THE
CLIFFS. DANIEL SEES
THE MEN --

--DESERT PEOPLE
AS THEY HAVE
LOOKED FOR
THOUSANDS OF YEARS.



THE MEN GIVE WATER TO THE TWINS,
AND THE TWINS LAUGH AND TALK
HYSTERICALLY, SO GREAT IS
THEIR RELIEF, BUT THE MEN DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



ONE OF THE TWINS
EXPLAINS IN GESTURES.

AH, YES.



THE MEN CARRY THE PREGNANT
WOMAN TOWARD THE OASIS, ROUND
WHICH THEIR TENTS STAND.



AT LAST THE TWINS
SLEEP, SAFE AMONG
THE BEDOUINS.



AT DAWN, ONE OF THE TWINS
RISES, THE ONE WHO DOES
NOT CARRY A CHILD.



AT FIRST IT SEEMS SHE IS
ONLY WELCOMING THE SUN.



THEN A WIND RISES, GENTLY,
MOVING THE BRANCHES OF
THE OLIVE TREES.



AND THE RAIN, THE LIGHT
SWEET RAIN, BEGINS TO FALL.

WHEN DANIEL WOKE, HE
WAS ON THE PLANE.

HE COULD SEE A DECANTER.
BOURBON. HE WANTED IT BUT
HE WAS TOO WEAK TO MOVE.

AND SOMETHING NOT
RIGHT, SOMETHING...



YOU'RE
DYING

"AND THOUGH
I WALK THROUGH THE
VALLEY OF THE SHADOW
OF DEATH..."



SHALL WE
BOTHER WITH THE
PARTICULARS?

YOU WEIGH NO MORE
THAN A HUNDRED AND THIRTY
POUNDS. THE ALCOHOL IS
EATING AT YOUR INSIDES. YOU
ARE HALF MAD.

AND THERE IS
ALMOST NOTHING LEFT
IN THE WORLD THAT YOU
ENJOY.



EXCEPT
TALKING WITH YOU
NOW AND THEN. IT'S
SO EASY TO HEAR
EVERYTHING YOU
SAY.



IF YOU GO
ON AS YOU ARE, YOU
WON'T LAST ANOTHER
FIVE DAYS.

DO YOU REMEMBER
ANYTHING I SAID TO
YOU EARLIER?



YES.
SOMETHING ABOUT
DESTRUCTION EVERY-
WHERE. THEY'RE
DYING-- I'M DYING.
BUT *THEY* GOT TO BE
(IMMORTAL FIRST, I'M
JUST ALIVE.

SEE!
I REMEMBER!
I'D LIKE
THAT BOURBON
NOW.



NOTHING I
CAN DO TO MAKE
YOU WANT TO LIVE,
IS *THAT* IT?

THEN, WILL YOU
LISTEN-- REALLY
LISTEN?



HOW CAN I
HELP IT? I CAN'T
GET AWAY FROM YOUR
VOICE WHEN YOU WANT
ME TO HEAR.

WHAT IS
THIS-- TEARS?
YOU WEEP OVER
ME?

DAMN YOU,
DANIEL.

WHAT WE ARE
WASN'T MEANT TO BE. IT
WAS AN ABOMINATION. A
FEMINIC FUSION...

THEN WHAT
LESTAT WROTE
WAS TRUE.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER WHETHER OR NOT
ITS TRUE. THE **BEGINNING** IS
NO LONGER IMPORTANT.

WHAT **MATTERS**
IS THAT THE **END** MAY
BE AT HAND.

LISTEN
TO ME. LESTAT WAS
AWAKENED SOMETHING
OR SOMEONE.

AKASHA,
ENKIL.

PERHAPS.
NO ONE KNOWS FOR
CERTAIN.

THERE IS A
VAGUE, REPEATED CRY
OF DANGER, BUT NO ONE SEEMS
TO KNOW FROM WHENCE
IT COMES.

THEY ONLY KNOW
THAT WE ARE BEING SOUGHT
OUT AND **ANNIHILATED**--
THAT COVEN HOUSES AND
MEETING PLACES GO UP IN
FLAMES.





I'VE HEARD
THE CRY OF DANGER.
SOMETIMES VERY STRONG
IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT--

--AT OTHER
MOMENTS...LIKE
AN ECHO.

THE TWINS. IT HAD TO BE
CONNECTED TO THE TWINS.



BUT HOW DO
YOU KNOW THESE THINGS?
ABOUT THE COVEN HOUSES,
ABOUT--



DANIEL, DON'T
TRY ME. THERE ISN'T MUCH
TIME LEFT. I KNOW. THE
OTHERS KNOW.

IT'S LIKE
A CURRENT, RUNNING
THROUGH THE WIRES OF
A GREAT WEB.

YES.



YEARS AGO, IT
WOULDN'T HAVE MATTERED
TO ME, ALL THIS. BUT I DON'T
WANT IT TO END NOW. I
DON'T WANT TO CONTINUE
UNLESS YOU--

I DON'T
WANT YOU TO
DIE.



I'M
NOT AFRAID,
BECAUSE
YOU'RE
HERE.

THEN YOU'RE
A FOOL. BUT I WILL TELL
YOU ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS
PART OF IT.

LESTAT IS STILL
IN EXISTENCE. HE GOES ON
WITH HIS SCHEMES. AND THOSE
WHO'VE GATHERED NEAR HIM
ARE UNHARMED.



THEY GATHER IN THE
BACK ROOMS OF A TAVERN CALLED
DRACULA'S DAUGHTER. PERHAPS
I KNOW BECAUSE OTHERS KNOW, AND
ONE POWERFUL MIND PICKS UP
IMAGES FROM ANOTHER--

--AND UNWITTINGLY
OR DELIBERATELY, PASSES
THOSE IMAGES ALONG.

THOUGHTS, FEELINGS,
VOICES--THEY'RE JUST THERE.
SOME ARE CLEAR, OTHERS CLOUDY.
NOW AND THEN THE WARNING
OVERRIDES EVERYTHING.

DANGER.



AND
LESTAT...WHERE IS
LESTAT?

"LESTAT'S BEEN SEEN, BUT ONLY IN GLIMPSES. THEY CAN'T TRACK HIM TO HIS LAIR. HE'S TOO CLEVER TO LET THAT HAPPEN. BUT HE TEASES THEM.

"HE RACES HIS PORSCHE THROUGH THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND ON THE HIGHWAYS ALONG THE COAST.

"HE MAY NOT KNOW ALL THAT'S HAPPENED."

TO LISTEN TO THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS IS OFTEN TO BE HEARD ONESELF.

LESTAT IS CONCEALING HIS PRESENCE HIS MIND MAY BE COMPLETELY CUT OFF.



AND THE THINGS WHO ARE THEY?



I DON'T KNOW. BUT MANY KNOW OF THEM AND ALL SEEM TO FEAR THEM.

AND ALL SHARE THE CONVICTION THAT, SOMEHOW, LESTAT IS TO BLAME.



A REAL DEVIL AMONG DEVILS.



DO YOU UNDER-
STAND WHAT I'M TELLING
YOU? THERE HAVE BEEN
ATTACKS UPON OUR KIND
EVERYWHERE BUT THERE,
WHERE LESTAT IS.

THE DESTROYER
MOVES ERRATICALLY. IT
SEEMS IT MUST BE NEAR
TO THE THING IT WOULD
DESTROY.

YOU HAVE
TO UNDERSTAND
THE CHOICE I'VE
MADE.

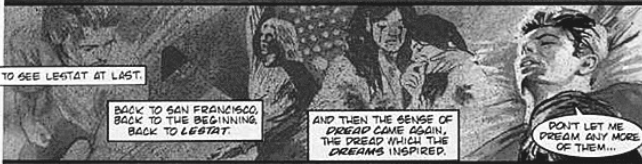
WE'RE GOING
TO HIM BECAUSE THERE
ISN'T ANY OTHER SAFE
PLACE TO GO.

IT HAS
FOUND ROGUES
IN FAR-FLUNG
PLACES AND
BURNT THEM TO
ASHES--

AND BECAUSE YOU
WANT TO BE WITH LESTAT, YOU
KNOW YOU DO. YOU WANT TO SEE
HIM. YOU WANT TO BE THERE IF
HE NEEDS YOU.

AND IF
LESTAT CAUSED
IT, MAYBE WE CAN
STOP IT.

IT IS
SIMPLER THAN
THAT. I HAVE
TO GO.



TO SEE LESTAT AT LAST.

BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO,
BACK TO THE BEGINNING,
BACK TO LESTAT.

AND THEN THE SENSE OF
DREAD CAME AGAIN,
THE DREAD WHICH THE
DREAMS INSPIRED.

DON'T LET ME
DREAM ANY MORE
OF THEM...



LOOK AT ME,
BELOVED.



WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

ITALY. IT HAD TO BE.
THE VILLA OF THE
MYSTERIES AT THE
VERY EDGE OF
ANCIENT POMPEII.

BUT HOW
DID WE GET
HERE?

WE AREN'T
REALLY HERE.
YOU KNOW WE
AREN'T.



AM, I
COULD DIE
HERE.

YES,
YOU COULD.
AND YOU
WILL.



YOU KNOW,
I'VE NEVER DONE
IT BEFORE. I TOLD
YOU, BUT YOU
NEVER BELIEVED
ME.

OF COURSE I
BELIEVED YOU. THE VOW
YOU MADE—YOU EXPLAINED
EVERYTHING.



SO YOU
WOULD HAVE ME
BREAK MY VOW.
YOU WOULD HAVE
WHAT YOU THINK
YOU WANT.

BUT LOOK
WELL AT THIS
GARDEN, BECAUSE ONCE
I DO IT, YOU'LL NEVER
READ MY THOUGHTS OR
SEE MY VISIONS
AGAIN.



BUT
WE'LL BE
BROTHERS,
DON'T YOU
SEE?



I'LL BRING
YOU WITH ME THROUGH
THIS GATEWAY, THIS
GATEWAY OF LIFE AND
DEATH, BECAUSE I AM
A COWARD.

AND I LOVE
YOU TOO MUCH TO
LET YOU GO.



I PROMISE
YOU NOTHING. HOW
CAN I? I'VE
TOLD YOU WHAT
LES AHEAD.

I DON'T CARE
I'LL GO TOWARDS
IT WITH YOU.



DON'T YOU SEE?
ALL HUMAN DECISIONS ARE
MADE LIKE THIS. WHAT DOES IT
MATTER IF YOU GIVE IT TO ME
AND IT'S WRONG? THERE
IS NO WRONG!



THIS IS MY
REBIRTH. HOW CAN
YOU CRY? DON'T
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS
MEANS?

IS
IT POSSIBLE
YOU NEVER
KNEW?



THERE IS ONLY
DESPERATION. I WANT
TO LIVE FOREVER
WITH YOU.



AND SUDDENLY DANIEL'S HEART
WAS CAUGHT, WRENCHED IN A
POWERFUL GRIP. THE PRESSURE
WAS MORE THAN HE COULD BEAR.

FOR A SPLIT SECOND HE SAW
THE VAMPIRE LESTAT,
DRIVING THROUGH THE NIGHT
IN HIS SLEEK, BLACK CAR.

LOUIS WAS
THERE, TOO.



THEN THEY WERE
ALL THERE.

WE SAW THEM...
WE HEARD THEM.

AND THEN WE HEARD THE CRY OF
DANGER COMING FROM THE ONE
TRAPPED BENEATH THE ICE.

YOU
KNOW HE'S
BURIED UNDER
THE ICE?

SLEEP,
BELOVED. AND
WHEN YOU WAKE, YOU'LL
BE JUST LIKE
ME.

DEAD.

SAN FRANCISCO. HE KNEW
HE WAS THERE BEFORE HE
EVEN OPENED HIS EYES.

HE WAS GLAD TO LEAVE THE
GHOSTLY DREAM. A DREAM OF
UNSPEAKABLE FEAR.

HE'D BEEN A WOMAN IN
IT, HELPLESS, WITHOUT A
TONGUE TO SCREAM.

LET IT GO AWAY.

HE OPENED HIS EYES THROUGH
THE DARKNESS OF THE DREAM,
HE'D HEARD ARMAND TELLING
HIM TO REMAIN HERE --

...THAT HE WOULD
BE SAFE HERE.

HERE.

SAN FRANCISCO.

HE RAN HIS HANDS
BACK THROUGH HIS
HAIR AND A GENTLE
TINGLING PASSED
THROUGH HIM.

HE REMEMBERED SOME-
THING. HE REACHED UP TO
FIND HIS FANG TEETH.

COME, MY
PUPIL. WE HAVE
LESS THAN AN
HOUR LEFT.

BUT THE
OTHERS...

THEY'RE
THRIVING, PLOTTING.
THEY'RE FRIGHTENED OF
THE WHOLESALE
DESTRUCTION, BUT SAN
FRANCISCO ISN'T
TOUCHED.



BUT THESE THINGS MUST WAIT. YOU MUST COME AND DO AS I TELL YOU.

WE MUST FINISH WHAT HAS BEGUN.



FINISH?



BUT IT WAS FINISHED. WASN'T IT?

HE WAS REBORN.



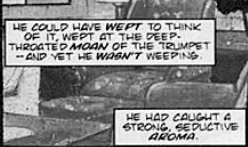
I LOVE YOU.



ARE YOU CERTAIN?

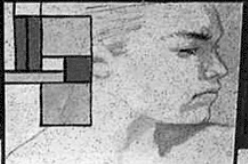


AS ARMAND LED HIM INTO ONE OF THE BRIGHT ROOMS, DANIEL HEARD THE MUSIC. A LOW, MOURNFUL JAZZ TRUMPET, PLAYING ALL ALONE.

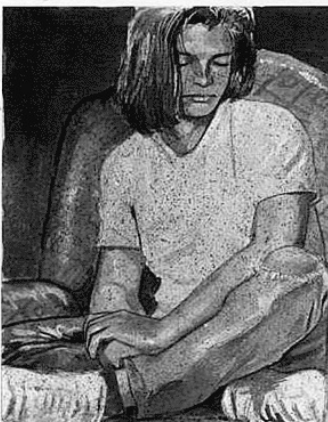


HE COULD HAVE WEPT TO THINK OF IT, WEPT AT THE DEEP, THROATED MOAN OF THE TRUMPET — AND YET HE WASN'T WEeping.

HE HAD CAUGHT A STRONG, SEDUCTIVE AROMA.



GOD, WHAT IS IT?



BLOOD! THAT
WAS THE AROMA!

A LITTLE RUNAWAY
WITH HER TORN JEANS
AND SOILED SHIRT.

WHAT A PERFECT PICTURE.



AND THE SOUND OF HER
HEART—HE COULD HEAR
IT. IT WAS GETTING
LOUDER. IT WAS SUCH A...
MONST SOUND.

GOD, GET
HER OUT OF
HERE!

TAKE
HER. AND DO
IT NOW.